

The New-York Saturday Press.

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VI. THE SATURDAY PRESS circulates exclusively among thinking and intelligent persons, and is, therefore, the *Best Advertising Medium in the Country for all who wish to reach that portion of the community.*

VII. For these and other reasons the Publishers feel justified in saying, that for all intelligent and cultivated gentlemen and ladies, there is no more interesting or valuable journal in the country than

The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Proprietor.

For the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.
"UNTO THE PURE ALL THINGS ARE PURE."

All the toil of day was over,
Night was coming on again,
Through the street a woman sauntered
With a bold, defiant face;

Her cheek glowed painted raw,

True once in her hair,

Round about her mouth there clustered
Lines of hard and stern despair.

Pretty girls went by, quickly

Drew their dresses from their sides,

As though if she brushed against them,

Something evil must befall;

Hastily swept away on swooning.

With a look of scorn and dread;

Gained a glass of wine from some

Men met her with bitter mocking.

Careless laughter, heartless jest,

And she answered them all smiling.

While Mary raged within her breast;

When a woman stepped before her,

In her arms a little child,

And the baby, looking at her,

Held out both its hands and smiled.

Pretty girls, will you believe me,

Hastily damed who stately sweep,

By the sin-stained, men who jeered her,

Will you trust me that she wept?

Shed great tears of love and sorrow,

Tears of passion, strong and deep,

Tears as beautiful and holy

As an angel's eye might weep?

She could bear the scorn and frowning,

She could heartless jest endure,

But the baby's smile veranice her,

To the pure one she pure!

Bending o'er the child she kissed it,

When the youthful mother turned,

Anger from her eyes was flashing.

With her hand the girl she spurned.

In a moment fled the teardrops,

Back returned the brazen stare,

And the people passed and wondered,

Shrugging as they heard her swear;

Proudly snarled the mother,

She a Christian dead had done,

Closed the heavy door and ballyhooed

Opened for that fallen one!

Brooklyn, April 13, 1859.

darkness. Her form was rich in those perfect curves which delighted the old Greek masters. I write this with no impure thought. I saw her in the hours of triumph, when her name was linked with sweet phrases, and the world heaped flowers at her feet—and we were strangers. But when she lay in her little room, stark and lifeless, and horrible, the glory faded from her face, then I stooped down and kissed her, but not till then. How gaudily she looked! Eyes with no light in them, lips with no breath on them—white, cold, dead!

Mary Ware was a finer study to me than herself. One of them was commonplace enough—well dressed, well made, handsome, shallow. Nature manufactures such men by the gross. He was a Lieutenant, in the navy I think, and ought to have been in the sea, or in it, instead of working ruin ashore. The was a man of different mould. His character, like his person, had rough lines to it. Only for the drooping of his eyelids, and a certain consciousness about the mouth, he would have been handsome, in spite of those dark, deep-sunken eyes. His frame would set an amateur wild—tall, deep-chested, kitted with muscles of steel. "Some day," said I, as I saw him stalk by the house one evening, "he will throw the appearance of the little Lieutenant out of that second-story window." It would have been a wise arrangement.

From the time I left off short jackets, women have perplexed me. I have discovered what woman is not, but I have never found out what she is. I cannot tell to this day which of those two men Mary Ware loved, or if she loved either. The flirtation, however, was scandal enough for the entire neighborhood; but little did the gossip dream of the tragedy which was being acted under their noses.

They were very diligent in taking Mary Ware's good name to pieces. Some laughed at the gay Lieutenant, and some at Julius Kenneth; but they all smirched in condemning Mary Ware. Which was quite correct. Mary Ware was a Woman. The Woman is always to blame in such cases. The Man is hereditarily, and constitutionally, in the right. The Woman is born in the wrong. That is the world's verdict. That is what Justice says, and Justice, curiously enough, is personified by poets and painters as a Woman!

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This affair had continued for several months, when it was reported that Mary and Julius Kenneth were affianced. The Lieutenant was less frequently seen in Clarke street, and Julius waited upon Mary's footmen with a humility and tenderness strangely out of keeping with his rough nature. Mrs. Kenneth was somewhat apathetic. Yet, though Mary went to the Sunday concerts with Julius Kenneth, she still wore the Lieutenant's roses in her bosom!

Two weeks ago deceased told me that she was to be married to Mr. Kenneth in June. She and Mr. Kenneth were in the habit of taking walks before breakfast. The last time I saw them together was yesterday morning. I assisted Mrs. Marston in breaking open the door. [Describe position of the body, etc., etc.]

"Adelaide Woods deposes: I am an actress. I occupy a room next to that of the deceased. It was about eleven o'clock when she came home; she stopped ten or fifteen minutes in my chamber. The call-boy of the Olympic usually accompanied her home from the theatre. I let her in. Deceased had misplaced her nightkey. I did not hear any noise in the night. The partition between our rooms is quite thick; but I do not sleep heavily, and should have heard any unusual noise. Two weeks ago deceased told me that she was to be married to Mr. Kenneth in June. She and Mr. Kenneth were in the habit of taking walks before breakfast. The last time I saw them together was yesterday morning. I assisted Mrs. Marston in breaking open the door. [Describe position of the body, etc., etc.]

"Julia Kenneth deposes: I am a machinist. I reside at No. — Forsyth street. I have been acquainted with the deceased for eighteen months. We were engaged to be married. [Here the witness's voice failed him.]

"The last time I saw her was yesterday morning, on which occasion we walked out together. I did not leave my room last evening. I was confined to the house by a cold all day. A Lieutenant King used to visit the deceased frequently. It created considerable talk in the neighborhood. I did not like it, and requested her to break off the acquaintance. Deceased told me yesterday morning that Lieutenant King had been ordered to some foreign station, and would trouble me no more. Deceased had engaged to walk with me this morning at eight o'clock. When I reached Clarke street I first learned that she had been murdered. [Here the witness, overcome by his emotions, was pained to refer to her death.]

"If you intend to betray me—" said Kenneth, thrusting his hand into his bosom. He had a pistol there.

"That is true," said I, "but I intended nothing of the kind."

"If you will listen patiently, you shall learn why I acknowledge the crime, why I would bear the penalty."

"I believe there are vast, intense sensations, from which we are shut out by the fear of a certain kind of death."

"This pleasure, this ecstasy, this something which I have striven for all my life, is known only to the privileged few—inconscient men, who, through some oversight of the law, are *loosed by the neck*. Some men are born to be hanged, some have hanging thrust upon them, and some (as I hope to do) achieve hanging. For years and years I have waited for such a chance as this. You could not tempt me to divulge your secret, but I would have given it to you if you had asked for it."

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THE SATURDAY PRESS.

of considerable length upon "Arthur and his Round Table." When the letter O is reached, he will doubtless find an article on Orlando—unless he searches for it with the same desire not to find it that has apparently animated his recent researches.

Count Gurowski's fourth charge is, that Italy is unjustly treated by the Cyclopaedia. "An ultramontane or Austrian spirit watches over the numerous productions of the Cyclopaedia relating to that fated country. Doubtless the same that expanded the life of St. Bernard, over about twelve pages," etc. We have shown already that in two instances—those of *Bunyan* and *Arthur*—Count Gurowski has failed to see what is in the Cyclopaedia. In this instance, of St. Bernard, he has contrived to see double. The article on St. Bernard, vol. 3, pp. 181-187, stretches over not twelve, but exactly six pages. Upon the score of its ultramontane and Austrian spirit, the most watchful and suspicious friend of Italy may feel relieved when informed that its author, instead of being, as Count Gurowski sagaciously supposes a Jesuit in disguise, is a Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Charles H. Brigham, of Taunton, Massachusetts, whose sympathies are doubtless much more with Mazzin than with the Austrian Emperor.

Count Gurowski's fifth charge is thus stated: "Most of the Popes deeply influenced the lay history of Italy. The Cyclopaedia avoids speaking of them in that character. For instance, Alexander III. stands out more in history for his lay activity, than for his bulls. These highly historical features of Alexander III.'s time, are passed over in ominous silence by the Cyclopaedia." On the contrary, nothing whatever is said in the article on Alexander III. (vol. 1, p. 315) about his bulls, the greater part of it being devoted to his "lay activity" in his long contest with the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and his negotiations with the Greek Emperor Manuel.

Count Gurowski's sixth charge is, that in treating of Africa we have "ignored the recent discoveries of Barth and Livingstone." He could hardly have made a more unfounded assertion. In the article, Africa itself, vol. 1, p. 171, both Barth and Livingstone are particularly mentioned, while in volume 2, which was published nearly a year ago, two pages, 679, 680, are devoted to an account of Barth and his travels! The following, among other articles on the geography of Africa, have been compiled almost entirely from Barth and Livingstone: *Adanawa*, *Air or Aalen*, *Agades*, *Bakwala*, *Bakshahri*, *Baoab*, *Batanga*, *Batoka*, *Bayeye*, *Bechuana*, *Borne*, *Borno*. In most of these, and in many others, which it is needless to specify, Barth or Livingstone are expressly cited as our authority. In fact, such has been made of their narratives in the Cyclopaedia, that, so far as it has yet gone, every geographical or ethnological fact that could be taken from them, consistently with alphabetical order, will be found in the work. We have availed ourselves, in all cases, of the very latest geographical researches in every quarter of the globe.

A seventh and last instance of Count Gurowski's criticism will be sufficient. He says that many reasons "ought to have made it a moral and scientific duty to the editors of the Cyclopaedia to state in the 'Chimpanzee,' that Professor Owen establishes beyond doubt the different conformation of the cranium, and above all in the series of interposed convolutions of the cerebrum in the human being, the negro included, and in the Chimpanzee." Who could have supposed, after reading this, that the article in the Cyclopaedia, vol. 5, p. 96, on the Chimpanzee, begins, after the definition, with these words: "Bore de St. Vincent has struggled hard to retain the Chimpanzee in the same genus as man, but the question is entirely set at rest by Cuvier, Blumenbach, and Owen, who have proved many perfect and permanent osteological distinctions," etc.

From these succinct exposures it is evident that Count Gurowski has written either without having read the articles on which he comments; or that he has read without understanding them; or that, having read and understood them, he has wilfully made a false statement of their contents.

The Editors of the Cyclopaedia.

New York, April 15, 1859.

GUROWSKI'S REJOINDER.

To the Editor of the *Herald*:

I appeal to your independent character, and request the insertion of my answer to the letter of the editors of the Cyclopaedia.

The "province" of a Cyclopaedia is to give the last results of scientific labor in all the various branches of human knowledge and investigation. Where these results conflict, the really instructive character of such a publication would consist in giving, briefly condensed, both results and opinions. My rejoinder to the Cyclopaedia is that it ignores these last results.

Besides the Mosaic, or the chronology of the Bible, the other systems ought to have been mentioned, together with the elucidations bearing on Egyptian chronology. The German and French writers on this subject complete the whole field of chronological science. Their omission is as one-sided as that of Eusebius, Syncellus, Africans, whose writings are the basis, and serve to confirm the chronology of the Bible, adopted by the new Cyclopaedia. The article upon Bunson, written by me for the Cyclopaedia, could not mention the whole bearing of his works upon chronology—as then only the first and the second volume of his works had been translated into English—and the last two (four and five) had not then appeared in German. In the article on Chronology was the best place to mention the whole work, when so many secondary writers have been enumerated.

The long epoch between Gibbon, and even Boijen, and the article of the Cyclopaedia on civil law, is filled by critical historical researches principally made by the German savants. The history of the Genesis of the civil law became thus almost an exclusive German specialty. In the footnotes of Niebuhr, large is the number of names of Romans (to be called now in Germany the special scholars of the Roman law) who throw a new light on that science. Among the most recent are Puebla, almost as high an authority for the history and institutes of the Roman law as B. Sevigny for the principles, axioms, and Pandects; further, Huschke, Thring, Thine, Knirsch, Prantl, Monnens, as general historians, etc. All of them, taking up certain views of Niebuhr concerning the relative positions of the popular and the elite (wherefrom *piedemont*) in the earliest development of the Roman political, civil, and legal society, establish that, as in the beginning of society there existed for the regulation of private family affairs only a few *ius cogens*, not applicable to the plebeians, they not having then political rights: for their private conflicts as well as for regulating their political relations, as well as for regulating their political one, created. With this civil person came the oldest *ius cogens*, a contradiction to *ius cogens* influenced afterwards, and gave elasticity to both *ius cogens* and *ius cogens*. This is the view of Puebla and of his followers. Such a government, as was the original character of the *ius cogens*, as understood by Gajus, Ulpian, and other Roman legists.

Cleve, saying that the *ius cogens* ought to be founded on the *ius cogens*, means the abovementioned influence of the latter. What Savigny (as quoted by the editors in their answer) calls the old national *ius cogens*, relates to that one framed out in contradistinction to *ius cogens*, and administered originally to parties, Romans, but not citizens, as such have been originally the plebeians. The legal influence of the *ius cogens* was established by the creation of the *prutor peregrinus*, a creation succeeding after long time to that of the *praetor urbanus*, the real expounder and creator of the *ius cogens*.

Mr. Hallam explicitly rejects the idea of chivalry being of Celto-Gallic origin, say the writers. That proves only that there exist other investigations admitting it. Even the original article of the Cyclopaedia is not so positive, and seems to doubt the authenticity of Hallam: reason enough to have mentioned him separately, even if opposed to Hallam. Arthur (the Cyclopaedia) is not mentioned there as among the legend-

ary orators of chivalry, and to this omission points several critics.

The article of Alexander von Bawerk's is incomprehensible. In the article Alexander III., in its character and in the slightest explained, and no less will learn wherein that it started for independence of Italy.

Menelik has nothing to do with the "Holy Ghost."

"The white barking dog" in the article "St. Bernard."

I amend my statement, and the critics on this article, "St. Bernard," occupies twelve columns, instead of, as I stated, pages. But Michael Angelo occupies scarcely three, and his great patriotic and historical character is suppressed.

Concerning the Chimpanzee, the last results of anatomical and physiological investigations bear on cerebrum and the series of interposed cerebral convolutions. Therein consists the principal difference between man and the rest of the mammals. The Cyclopaedia speaks only of the catæiological distinctions, set at rest by Cuvier and Blumenbach, say the editors. Both those savants died long ago. Professor Owen continued their works, increasing them with new discoveries, neglected or ignored by the Cyclopaedia.

All above enumerated justifies my assertion that the Cyclopaedia mostly suppresses the last results of various scientific investigations. Why do not the editors explain in their letter other omissions pointed out by me? Did I not read right, that archaeology is a branch of geology, etc., etc?

I accept the aspersions at my learning. It becomes only, then, of some dimensions when compared to that of the editors of the Cyclopaedia.

GUROWSKI.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1859.

NOTICE.
All persons proposing to subscribe to this New York Saturday Press are particularly requested to do so before the first of May.

CHESS.
Our Chess-article is unavoidably postponed to next week.

TO BOOK-PUBLISHERS.
Please send us your Catalogues of New Books, and Books in Press, as early as possible, in order that they may be duly announced in our Weekly Book-List.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.
We shall endeavor, after this week, to have the Saturday Press delivered to all our City Subscribers on Friday evening.

TO ADVERTISERS.
Advertisements for the Saturday Press should be sent in, if possible, before Thursday noon; otherwise they are liable to be crowded out.

THE SATURDAY PRESS.
THE SATURDAY PRESS is six months old, to-day. It has had a stony infancy, but is now getting along much better than could have been expected.

The penny-a-line prophets who predicted its early death, and were hoping to add a few shillings to their precarious income by writing elaborate articles on its death and burial, are in despair.

Their necrological hopes have been nipped in the bud, and they refuse to be comforted.

The Sunday papers, which, with one exception, have kindly ignored us (for which, all thanks), are anxious to find that a paper can flourish, without selling itself, body and soul, to its advertisers; and are bothered, also, to understand how it gets along without publishing blood and thunder stories.

Again, consternation is visible in the faces of certain bogus publishers, who, finding that their Peter Pans operations were exposed without mercy in the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS, at once declared open war against it, and hoped that in a few short weeks they and their satellites would succeed in starving us out.

Fond delusion!

We regret that the confirmed existence, and now vigorous health of this Saturday Press should occasion these people so much mortification, but we do not see how the case could have been otherwise.

Poor creatures, they have our sincere commiseration. It is a cruel thing to state,—but the truth is that THE SATURDAY PRESS is now a "fixed fact." It has passed triumphantly through all the little diseases of infancy, and is now in the most provoking state of health. It actually "goes alone."

Metaphor aside, THE SATURDAY PRESS is, at last, in a flourishing condition, and can no longer be spoken of as an experiment. We have never doubted, for an instant, that this would be the result; and yet, in face of all the prophecies to the contrary ("the wish," being, in each instance, "the father of the thought"), we cannot help announcing the fact in the language of exultation.

There is an impression abroad, that no newspaper can thrive without practising a certain species of black mail, or, at any rate,—which amounts to about the same thing, except, perhaps, that it is not quite so honest,—without selling its opinions at so much a line.

This impression is so general, that when we decline to do anything of the kind,—as we are obliged to do daily,—the astonished advertiser replies, that he cannot, for the life of him, see why THE SATURDAY PRESS should decline doing what is not only done, but is volunteered by nearly every other paper in the country.

In fact, our course, in this respect, is looked upon as so singular, that some of our neighbors think it very witty,—and it is witty for them,—to represent us as refusing to receive money from the advertiser under any circumstances, and as looking upon gold and silver in the light of ignoble metals, not fit to be touched by gentlemen.

The joke tells its own story: a story of such self-assertion, that we wonder that the editors and publishers who originated it ever rose above the moral condition of timber-boggers.

It is not quite sure that they ever did.

A word more.

Although there is no longer any necessity for our appealing to the public,—to anybody,—for support in our warfare against imposture and humbug; we beg to suggest to all who are in favor of an impartial and independent journal,—to all who are opposed to the disengaged system of pulling, now so universally prevalent,—to all who are disgusted with the blood and thunder stories that fill most of our weekly papers,—as well as to all who are satisfied by the scurrilous *tales* of our so-called moral papers,—that they cannot better show their abhorrence of such things, than by subscribing at once to THE SATURDAY PRESS, and using it as their medium for communicating with the public.

THE GREAT FARCE.

THE SUNDAY PRESS at Washington is becoming more absurd than ever. The persistent efforts on the part of the dramatic persons, to make the world think they are in earnest, and that Hickies is in real danger of robbing his deserts (though the honest know better), have positively deceived quite a number of people, some of whom manifest under such threat, and wonder if the culprit will make a Dying Confession.

We have no desire to see the man hung,—though we would sooner have half a dozen such men hung than one Mr. Harting,—but if the prospect of such an event, or its actual occurrence, would bring a confession out of him, we should certainly like to see the culprit tried.

The confessions of Mrs. Hickies we have all read; and whenever we read it again, as arranged on our former page, will not see at once how it was got up, and how little, in fact, she had to do with it.

No woman in the world ever conceived of such a

document, though any woman, perhaps, in certain emergencies, might be compelled to give out a signed confession.

A woman can be compelled to do anything, but her confessor? Why not let Mr. Hickies man man, and let him confess? But it's impossible to do it by himself.

Menelik has nothing to do with the "Holy Ghost."

"The white barking dog" in the article "St. Bernard."

I amend my statement, and the critics on this article, "St. Bernard," occupies twelve columns,

instead of, as I stated, pages. But Michael Angelo occupies scarcely three, and his great patriotic and historical character is suppressed.

What right has he to compel her to confess to an offence which he himself has doubtless committed more times than he can remember?

And why don't the whole community demand of him, that since he has wrung such a confession out of Mrs. Hickies, that, as an act of common decency, he inflict that confession upon the rest of the world, which now, by his wife alone, is crushing her to earth?

Doesn't he know better than any one else, that however guilty his wife may be, she is an angel by the side of him? And if so, why should she be banished from society, and he allowed, so far as his conjugial relations are concerned, to go all but unconcerned?

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If anything can be done to get it out of him—anything short of thumb-screws, and we don't know that, under the circumstances, we would stop there to have it beaten.

The contrast between the moral position of Mr. and Mrs. Hickies at this moment is so unnatural, so incongruous, that an effort of some kind ought to be made to set the master right.

To pretend that her character is worse than his,—or a millionth part as bad,—is, as everybody knows, an outrage on common sense.

Why, then, should he be held up as a martyr, and she condemned as a criminal?

Let him give us an honest confession of his conduct as a husband, and then let the community compare it with her confession as a wife, and judge between them.

As it is, the course pursued towards Mrs. Hickies when contrasted with the tolerance extended to her husband, exhibits a degree of injustice and depravity in the public mind which it is impossible to exaggerate.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THIRTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION.

NO. II.

762. By A. R. Durand. A very characteristic picture of the romantic beauties of the Castle Hill Clove, painted with remarkable grasp of breadth and detail, with technical fidelity and poetical generalization. Through a rocky vista of the grandest mountain elevation, shaded by gigantic growth of American forest trees, we see stretching far away into neighboring States—past plains and hilly reaches. As an example of landscape handling, we especially admire the twin tree trunks in the foreground. Most felicitously choosing between photographic minuteness of detail and the lawless looseness of the sketching method, this artist gives us all that is ordinarily recognized by the eye, and adds a grace, a harmony, and an ensemble of beauty rarely found in the same scene. The poetical effect of this artist leads him to reverse the common order, and direct his mountain stream towards the vague distance of the picture, thus ingeniously beguiling the imagination of the beholder into pleasant contemplation of its fortunes during its long journey to the plains below.

635. The Dying Brigand, by E. H. May. This picture is painted in the rude style of the present French school, and possesses much melodramatic force. The drawing is a little confused, but the story is powerfully told, and the color skilfully managed to heighten the somber sentiment of the picture.

483. Breakers Ahead; remarkable for its great waste of water.

437. A crisp frosty Morning, by Bougham. A difficult scene most successfully handled. It is rare that the sensation of cold is so well suggested on canvas.

664. A Lady, by D. Huntington. A charming picture, full of sentiment, grace, and refined dramatic feeling.

714. A Country Stable, painted in the favorite mode of the here-and-there school. From the number of similar pictures this exhibition, we presume that our French artists have got the hen-fever. But this is a beautiful picture, very charming in its effect of light and color.

765. A Coast Scene, by Stearns, with children at play on the beach. The landscape is broad, and full of light, while the children are well drawn, and naturally grouped.

759. Portrait of E. L. Youmans, by Hicks. Not up to this artist's portrait mark. The face looks dirty; the flesh is not clear or transparent.

750. Portrait of L. Rand, well drawn, with good character, and with remarkably pure and pleasant flesh tones.

752. One of a number of landscapes, by Miss S. M. Barstow, which evince industry, a good thing in young women, and cleverness, which leads us to hope for better things. We are glad the ladies are beginning to turn their attention to painting. We count in this collection forty-eight pictures, the contributions of nineteen women, which is a large advance upon any previous exhibition.

728. Morning View in the Lehigh Valley, by Boultbee. Beautiful in its realization of misty atmospheric effect, more so, perhaps, than any other picture in the collection; but it is very cleverly painted.

664. A Lady, by D. Huntington. A charming picture, full of sentiment, grace, and refined dramatic feeling.

THE SATURDAY PRESS.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

The following is from a London correspondent of the New York Times:

Last evening I had the honor of dining with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, at his magnificent mansion, No. 1 Park Lane, Piccadilly. Of all the living authors of England; Sir Edward was the one I most wished to see. As a novelist, a poet, an orator, and a statesman "take him for all in all"—where shall we find his peer? For the last thirty years the reading world has fed upon his thoughts, and an entire generation has been stimulated and educated by his glowing poetry and fine philosophy. It was not as one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State, who has charge of her "mighty colonies," that I desired to make the acquaintance of Bulwer (for dropping all titles, this is the name by which the world knows him best), but as a poet of the finest fables, and as an author of the richest and ripest productions of the age. The mere mention of his works is like running over the keys of pleasant memories, awaking the most delightful reminiscences of the times and places in which they were originally read, and of the living acquaintances ever associated with his ideal characters. Let me see if I can recall them in the order of their appearance, without an overwhelming feeling of home-sickness for the youth and romance left behind.

E. L. Bulwer was a poet and a politician in the year 1865. At the age of fifteen he published the first blossoms of his genius in a little volume of verses entitled "Ismael." Five years later came his noble "Prize Poem on Sculpture;" then his "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a bouquet of fugitive poems privately printed in Paris. In 1827 he entered the Horse Guards, and struck his true vein of authorship, and gave the world his brilliant maiden fiction, the rhetorical, skeptical, aspiring, and despairing Falkland. This was speedily followed by "O'Neill; or, the Rebel." And in the midst of his mental and moral effervescence, Bulwer committed matrimony and retired from the army. In a lonely and lovely part of Oxfordshire, the somewhat subdued and disenchanted author gave himself up to study and meditation, throwing off annually, at least, a "three-volume" novel.

And all this labor has been accomplished in the midst of every possible temptation to idleness and luxury under the depressing effects of physical debility; and more, than all, of domestic infidelity! Sir Edward is wealthy, independent of his salary as Minister, and his income as author. The Messrs. Routledge pay him \$100,000 for the copyright of the cheap edition of his works for ten years. As the Lord of Knobworth Castle, with revenues equal to the most expansive taste; as a member of the British Cabinet, and a leader of Parliament; but, above all, as the best-read romantic and writer of the day, Sir Bulwer Lytton, at the age of fifty-four, has achieved a fame, a future, and a position unparalleled in the history of men of genius. In person, he is a little above the medium height, with a figure slight, almost frail. His fine head affords the most indubitable proof of the general vitality of physiology. It is a splendid dome of intellect, gleaming in the region of "Idealism," and affording ample scope for all the superior faculties. There is nothing of the appearance or manner of the Englishman about him; but, on the contrary, he is entirely cosmopolitan, in look, dress, and tone of conversation. His hair, like his thin whiskers and moustache, is of a light brown color. He wears it cut close behind, and lifted up in front, giving his head a look of distinguished loftiness.

The dinner party, yesterday, consisted of fifteen persons, mostly noblemen and members of Parliament; the hour, 7 o'clock. There was no general talk at the table, each guest conversing *sotto voce* with the gentleman on either side of him. The course was numerous, and the viands and the wines of the choicest qualities. The table was ornamented with tasteful pyramids of flowers; the service was of gold and silver; and the servants in small clothes, white cravate, and powdered hair, looked like the *dramatic personae* in the "School for Scandal." After dinner, the conversation became more general and animated, but the topics were usually of more or less public interest. Being the only American present, and the only one who had ever seen America, I had many questions to answer. I suppose I could not have given the greatest novelists any information that would have gratified him more, touching the transatlantic application of his works, than the fact that his sweet and simple little song,

"When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee," etc., etc.

is found on almost every piano forte in America.

Sir Edward greatly regrets that he had not visited the United States in his "travelling days." He expressed, as did several others, the most profound sorrow at the death of Prescott, for whose works he entertains the highest admiration; asked affectionately after Washington Irving, and remarked that he did not think the Americans had yet done justice to Cooper, adding—"he may have offended a portion of his countrymen by his politics or his manners; but what have these to do with an author's works; let them be judged by themselves."

The Lytton titles and estates will be inherited by Edward Robert, Bulwer's sole son and heir, whose matrimonial engagement to a Dutch lady is just announced. He is a young man of fine literary talents, and a poet of high order. His last production is just now receiving the universal commendation of the London critics. He left town a few days since, to resume the duties of his post as Secretary to the Embassy at Vienna.

Contents of Magazines.

Bentley's Miscellany, for April: Books and Pictures; Dwood's Drag; or, the Devil, and what Came of It; Of Old Maids, by Monkhouse; The Last Witch Burning; Political Memoirs; The King's Head at Tamworth; Political Memoirs; M. Guizot and Lord John Russell; Recollections of Charles Strange. Part 3: Sir Henry Sydney's Autobiography, by Fitz-Herbert; Notes for Gold; Breaking the Ice, by George Moore; Poems and Ballads of Goethe; The Reliques of St. Philomene; A Legend of Mazzano; Magic and Mystery; Up among the Phantoms; Part 5: The History of Mr. Miranda, by Dudley Costello; Part 2: Mr. Benjamin Montefiore.

Collins's New Monthly Magazine, for April: Mexico and the Mexicans; Pommeroy's Admirable, by the author of "Ashley"; The Admirable Crichton, by Sir Nathaniel; Copper at Olney, by W. Charles Kent; Aunt Francisca, by Mrs. Beulah; Louis XVI. and his Times; My Friend Pickles, and some Social Grievances of which he desires to Complain, by Alexander Andrews; Fresh Arrivals from Paris; Bonnac; Barante; Leon Feugere; Hans Ernest Mittelkamp; An Autobiography; Mill on Liberty; Beyond Vision, by E. P. Roswell; The War Pamphlets; Captain Clayton's Charles the Second; Literature of the Month.

The British Quarterly Review, for April: Cheap Literature; Alice's History of Europe; Physical Training; Elliot's Madegene; Bunyan's Bible; The Panjap and its Administration; Bartholomew Fair; Japan; Lady Morgan's Diary; The Reform Question; Our Epistles on Affairs and Books.

The Atlantic Monthly, for May: The Gymnasium; Why did the Governor Paint? Two Years After; A Bundle of Old Letters; In the Pines; The Last Bird; The Utah Expedition; Sulls and Stars; Inscription for an Alms-Chest; A Trip to Cuba; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; The Minister's Wooing; The Walker of the Snow; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Norton's Literary Letter—No. 4: Humboldt in his Library, Illustrated; The Duty of Owning Books, by H. W. Beecher; Illustrated; Masonic Necrology, Illustrated; Biography of the State of Maine, prepared by Hon. Wm. Willis; Catalogue of Valuable Biographical Works; Catalogue of Works Relative to America; Catalogue of Miscellaneous Works.

Harper's Monthly, for May: The Lamentable Complaint of Katharine Maria Poppell, Illustrated;

Files, Illustrated; Loungings in the Footprints of the Pioneers, Illustrated; The Merchant; The Burnt-Sienna and Ventilation, by D. R. Reid, M.D.; In the Old Church Tower; The Rothsays; Lynch Law; Criticism Foreclosed; or, Rhyme versus Reason; Such a Mistake; The Golden Elephant; The Virginians, by W. M. Thackeray, Illustrated; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Fashions for May, Illustrated.

Mr. Kinglake, M.P., the well known author of *Eothyn*, is according to the Manchester Guardian, engaged upon his History of the War in the Crimea.

The Heartsthorne Club. The next public meeting of this association will be held in room No. 24, Cooper Institute, on SATURDAY, April 23d, at 3 o'clock P.M. Ladies are invited to attend. By order of the Club, Mrs. M. A. W. JOHNSON, Committee.

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The Remains of a Poor Young Man, by H. W. Beecher, will appear in the New York Post Office, today, April 22, at 10:30 A.M.

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THE SATURDAY PRESS.

LOWELL INSTITUTE. MR. WHIPPEL'S SEVENTH LECTURE.

Spenser.

In the present lecture, some introductory observations on the miscellaneous poets who preceded him, will be followed by a notice of Spenser. Leaving out the dramatists, the poetry produced in the reigns of Elizabeth and James cannot compare in originality, richness, and variety, with the English poetry of the nineteenth century. If we except a few pieces from the hands of Raleigh, Sidney, Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, and some others, the miscellaneous poetry of the latter half of the seventeenth century has little to dazzle us into admiration, or affix us with a sense of inferiority.

The occasional elegance of thought, or quaintness of fancy, or sweetness of sentiment, does not compensate for the languor induced by tiresome repetitions of moral or amatory commonplace. In the great body of the poetry of the time there is more that is bad than is tolerable, more that is tolerable than is readable, more that is readable than is beautiful. One person, however, stands out from this mob of versifiers, the most noticeable elevation in English poetry, from Chaucer to Spenser; this is Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, and Earl of Dorset. Born in 1536, and educated at both Universities, his poetic genius was but one phase of his general ability. In 1561 his tragedy of *Gordobus* was acted with great applause before the Queen. In 1569, in connection with two dreamy potesters, Baldwin and Ferrers, he produced a work called *The Mirror of Magistracy*, a work designed to exhibit, in a series of metrical narratives and soliloquies, the calamities of men prominent in the history of England. Its practical value is altogether in the comparatively meager contributions of Sackville, and our wonder is awakened that a man with such a conscious mastery of the resources of thought and language should have written so little. Sackville became an eminent statesman, and in 1598 was made Lord High Treasurer of England, and held that great office at the time of his death, in 1608. It is probable that Sackville ceased to cultivate poetry because he failed to reap its internal rewards. His genius had no joy in it, and its exercise probably gave him no poetic delight. Sackville was to be succeeded by a man who had that perception of the loveliness of things, and that joy in their perception, which makes continuous poetic creation a necessity of existence. In the meager memorials of the external career of this man, Edmund Spenser, there is little that stands in intelligible connection with the wondrous inner life embodied in the enchantments of the *Fairy Queen*. He was born in London, in 1552, and was the son of parents of gentle birth, but in humble life. At the age of seventeen he was a charity student in Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. While here, he made the acquaintance of Gabriel Harvey, a man of large acquirements, irritable temper, and pedantic taste, to be associated with whom was to run the risk of sharing the ridicule he provoked. After seven years' residence at the University, Spenser took his degree, and went to reside with some friends of his family in the North of England. Here he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose real name he has concealed under the anagrammatic one of Rosalind, and who, after having tempted and balked the curiosity of English critics, has, by an American writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, been satisfactorily proved to have been Rose Daniel, a sister of Daniel, the poet. It is mortifying to record that she rejected the Shakespearean condescension to lampoon him in *Lover Last*. Philip Sidney, being introduced to Spenser, recognised his genius, and warmly recommended him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who took him into his service. This was in 1571, and in December of that year he published the *Shepherd's Calendar*, a series of twelve pastorals. In these, avoiding the affectation of refinement, he falls into the opposite affectation of rusticity, and by a profusion of obsolete and uncouth phraseology hinders the free movement of his fancy. No descriptions of external nature, since Chaucer, equalled these eclogues in the combination of various excellencies, though the excellencies were still second rate, exhibiting the beautiful genius of the author struggling with the pedanticities and affectations of his time, as well as with those which overlaid his own mind. Spenser's ambition was to obtain some office which, by placing him above wait, would enable him to follow his true vocation of poet, and he seems to have looked to Leicester as a magnificent patron, through whom his wish could be realised. The great design of the *Fairy Queen* had already dawned on his mind, and he longed for that competence which should enable him to embody his gorgeous and noble dreams. All that Leicester did for him was to get him appointed Secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, who in 1560 went over to Ireland as Lord Deputy. Here he passed the largest remaining portion of his life, and he appears to have performed services of sufficient note to deserve the attention of the government. In 1586 he received a grant of 3025 acres of land, a portion of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. The manor and castle of Kilcolman, situated amidst the most beautiful scenery, constituted a portion of this grant. In 1589 Raleigh came over to Ireland for the purpose of looking after his own estates there. Spenser read to him, at Kilcolman, the first three books of the *Fairy Queen*. Raleigh prevailed on the poet to accompany him to England, where he was graciously received by Elizabeth. In the early part of 1590 the first three books of the *Fairy Queen* were published, and, says Hallam, "the admiration of this great poem was unanimous and enthusiastic; the *Fairy Queen* became at once the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every scholar." Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, continued to intercede, or delay, or divert the favor which Elizabeth was willing to bestow on her melodious faerie; but, at last, in 1601, Spenser succeeded in obtaining a pension of £50, and returned but half satisfied to Ireland. A deeper passion than inspired the amorous plaints of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and one destined to a happier end, he now recorded in a series of exquisitely thoughtful and tender sonnets, under the general name of Amoret. We have no means of judging of Elizabeth Nagel, the Irish maiden who prompted these wonderful poems, except in her transfigured image as reflected in Spenser's verse—which has made her perfect, and made her immortal. The *Epistles*, which celebrates the consummation of this passion, is the grandest and purest marriage song in literature. The raptures of critics can convey no adequate idea of the deep, thoughtful, satisfying delight that breathes through the poem—harmonising its occasional starts of ecstasy into unity with its pervading spirit of tranquill bliss. At the time of his marriage, in 1590, Spenser had completed three more books of the *Fairy Queen*, and in 1595 he visited England for the purpose of publishing them. They appeared in 1596. He returned to Ireland with the Queen's recommendation for the office of the Sheriff of Cork, and his worldly fortunes seemed in the ascendant; but in 1600 the insurrection of Munster broke out, and Spenser lost everything. His house was assailed, pillaged, and burned; and in the hurry of his departure from his burning dwelling, it is said his youngest child was left to perish in the flames. He escaped, with the remaining portion of his family, to London, where, in a common inn, overcome by his misfortunes, and broken in heart and in brain, on the 18th of January, 1599, he died. Spenser's purpose in writing the *Fairy Queen*, as he tells us, "was to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline;" a purpose he proposed to effect by a historical fiction. He chose for his subject the history of Arthur, the fabulous hero and King of England, just as familiar to the readers of romances as the heroes of Scott's novels are to the readers of our time. The story and the characters are symbolic as well as representative. Philosophical ideas, ethical truths, historical events, compliments to, and satire upon, contemporaries, are veiled and sometimes hidden in these beautiful poems and historic incidents. Much of this covert sense is easily detected; but to explain all would re-

quire a commentator who could not only think from Spenser's mind, but recall from oblivion all the gossip of Elizabeth's Court. In judging of the plan of the *Fairy Queen*, we must remember that it is a fragment. Spenser only completed six books of twelve cantos each, and a portion of another. But though the poem was never completed, we know the poet's design, and much as this design has been censured, it seems that the defect is not in what Spenser proposed to do, but in the way he did it,—not in the plan of the poem, but in the limitations of the poet. He conceived the separate details of the individual objects and incidents, imaginative; but he conceived the whole plan logically. His design was too large and complicated for his imagination to grasp as a whole. The parts thus organically conceived are not organically related. The result is a series of organisms connected by a logical bond—an endless procession of beautiful forms, but no vital combination of them into unity of impression. In truth, the combining, coordinating, centralizing, fusing imagination of the highest order of genius—an imagination competent to seize and hold such a complex design as we have—was too large and complicated for his imagination to grasp as a whole. The parts thus organically conceived are not organically related. The result is a

knocking him down. At last Whampson said, "How they are married, and all's over," so we left, and he drove me to the hotel.

THE CONFESSION OF MRS. SICKLE, AND HOW IT WAS EXTRACTED FROM HER.

The dispute left by the grossness of Mrs. Sickles's acknowledgment of her guilt has been almost universal, and the publication of her confession has been damaging to herself and husband. Her confession was the result of a cross-examination, and for the purpose of showing how it might have been obtained, let us suppose Sickles at a table, his wife seated on the floor overcome with anguish, Bridget Duffy, the nurse, standing within the bedroom; and Miss Ridgely just outside the door; when the following dialogue took place:

S.—Were you ever in a house in Fifteenth street, with Mr. Key?

Mrs. S.—I have been in a house in Fifteenth street with Mr. Key.

S.—How often?

Mrs. S.—How many times I don't know.

S.—Whose house was it?

Mrs. S.—I believe the house belonged to a colored man.

S.—Who lived there?

Mrs. S.—The house is unoccupied.

S.—When did you first visit it?

Mrs. S.—Commenced going there last January.

S.—Did you go alone?

Mrs. S.—I have been in alone and with Mr. Key.

S.—How long did you stay there?

Mrs. S.—Usually stayed an hour or more.

S.—Was there a bed in the house?

Mrs. S.—There was a bed on the second story.

S.—What did you do there?

Mrs. S.—I did what is usual for a wicked woman to do.

S.—When did this intimacy commence?

Mrs. S.—The intimacy commenced this Winter, when I came from New York, in that house—an intimacy of an improper kind.

S.—How often have you met?

Mrs. S.—Have met a half-a-dozen times or more, at different hours of the day.

S.—Have you met this week?

Mrs. S.—On Monday of this week, and Wednesday also.

S.—How would you arrange meetings when we met in the street and at parties?

Mrs. S.—Why did you not speak to him before me?

Mrs. S.—Never would speak to him when Mr. Sickles was at home, because I knew he did not like to speak to him.

S.—When did he tell you he had hired the house?

Mrs. S.—Did not see Mr. Key for some days after I got here. He then told me he had hired the house as a place where he and I could meet.

S.—Did you agree to it?

Mrs. S.—I agreed to it.

S.—Did you have anything to eat or drink there?

Mrs. S.—Had nothing to eat or drink there.

S.—How was the room warmed?

Mrs. S.—The room is warmed by a wood fire.

S.—What arrangement did you make to visit the house?

Mrs. S.—Mr. Key generally goes first.

S.—Did you ever go together?

Mrs. S.—Wrote there on Wednesday last, between two and three.

S.—Did you go alone?

Mrs. S.—I went there alone.

S.—Where was Laura?

Mrs. S.—Laura was at Mrs. Hoover's. Mr. Key took and left her there at my request.

S.—Where did you go from there?

Mrs. S.—From there I went to Fifteenth street to meet Mr. Key; from there to the milk woman's.

S.—How soon after did you return home?

Mrs. S.—Immediately after Mr. Key left Laura at Mrs. Hoover's, I met him in Fifteenth street.

S.—How did you go in?

Mrs. S.—West by the back gate.

S.—Did you go in the bedroom, and if so what occurred?

Mrs. S.—Went into the same bedroom and there an improper interview was had.

S.—Did you undress?

Mrs. S.—I undressed myself.

S.—Did Mr. Key do so?

Mrs. S.—Mr. Key undressed also.

S.—When did this occur?

Mrs. S.—This occurred on Wednesday, the 23d of February, 1869.

S.—Has Key taken any liberties with you in this house?

Mrs. S.—Mr. Key has kissed me in this house a number of times.

S.—Do you deny any criminal intimacy between you in this house?

Mrs. S.—I do not deny that we have had connection in this house last Spring a year ago, in the parlor on the sofa.

S.—Was I at home during your meetings with Key?

Mrs. S.—Mr. Sickles was sometimes out of town, and sometimes in the Capital.

S.—When did the intimacy commence?

Mrs. S.—I think the intimacy commenced in April or May, 1868.

S.—Why did you not meet him here?

Mrs. S.—I did not think it safe to meet him in this house, because there are servants who might suspect something.

S.—How did you generally dress?

Mrs. S.—As a general thing, have worn a black and white woolen plaid silk dress, and beaver hat, trimmed with black velvet.

S.—Have you worn any other dresses there?

Mrs. S.—Have worn a black silk dress there also, also a plaid silk dress, black velvet cloak, trimmed with lace, and black velvet shawl, trimmed with fringe.

S.—What dress did you wear on your last visit?

Mrs. S.—On Wednesday, I either had on my brown dress or black, and white woolen dress, beaver hat, and velvet shawl.

S.—Did you arrange with Mr. Key to go in the back way?

Mrs. S.—I arranged with Mr. Key to go in the back way, after leaving Laura at Mrs. Hoover's.

S.—Where did he meet you?

Mrs. S.—He met me at Mr. Douglas's.

S.—Did you make the arrangement to go in the back way at Mr. Douglas's?

Mrs. S.—The arrangement to go in the back way was either made in the street or at Mr. Douglas's, as we would be led likely to see us.

S.—Where is the house?

Mrs. S.—The house is in Fifteenth street, between K and L streets, on the left hand side of the way.

S.—Whom did you arrange for the interview of Wednesday, and where?

Mrs. S.—Arranged the interview for Wednesday, in the street, I think on Monday.

S.—How did you get in the house on that occasion?

Mrs. S.—I went in the front door.

S.—Was it open?

Mrs. S.—Did you occupy the same room?

Mrs. S.—Occupied the same room.

S.—Did you both undress?

Mrs. S.—Undressed myself, and he also.

S.—Did you go to bed together?

Mrs. S.—Went to bed together.

S.—Did you ever ride in my carriage?

Mrs. S.—Mr. Key has ridden in Mr. Sickles's carriage, and has called at his house without Mr. Sickles's knowledge.

S.—After I told you to invite him?

Mrs. S.—And after my being told not to invite him to do so, and against Mr. Sickles's repeated request.

A CHINESE THEATRE.

Albert Smith, in his "To China and Back," gives the following description of a Chinese Theatre: "It was an enormous tent, as big as the old Fife Trade Hall at Manchester, and made entirely